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THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE AT 69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 30 No. 5 SEPTEMBER, 1925 Whole No. 179

COVER Page

A portrait in colors of Miss Ada Gaines, who played the part of Ethiopia in the pageant in Los Angeles

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THE OCTOBER CRISIS

The October issue is Children's Number. All pictures should reach us by September 1. Beginning with this number the prize manuscripts will be published.

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 30 No. 5 SEPTEMBER, 1925 Whole No. 179

Opinion of W.E.B. Du Bois

KRIGWA

AUGUST fourteenth in New York City the Amy Spingarn prizes aggregating $600 were awarded to the successful contestants. Their names will be published next month and the prize-winning stories, plays, poems, essays and pictures will follow in later issues.

Meanwhile we are setting ourselves to the task of organizing those of us who are interested in Negro art and literature, who did not win prizes this time but who may later; and also those who may never win but who will always wish to study and help the development of beauty in the souls of black folk. Those interested may write us and soon we shall have some interesting proposals.

SCHOLARSHIPS

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON, Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, announces that the American Fund for Public Service has provided two scholarships of five hundred dollars each to be awarded to colored students to attend Brookwood Labor College at Katonah, New York.

Brookwood College is designed for the scientific training of men and women who desire to be effective and useful in the labor and farmer movements, whether as rank and file members or as officials; and to give training in the technic of labor union administration and of activities such as speaking, writing, organizing, teaching, in which they may be called upon to engage. In a word, Brookwood is established for the scientific training of leaders and workers in modern industry.

Applicants for these scholarships may write giving their age, training and a statement of their plans with regard to industry as a career. Letters should be addressed to Mr. Johnson at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MILHOLLAND

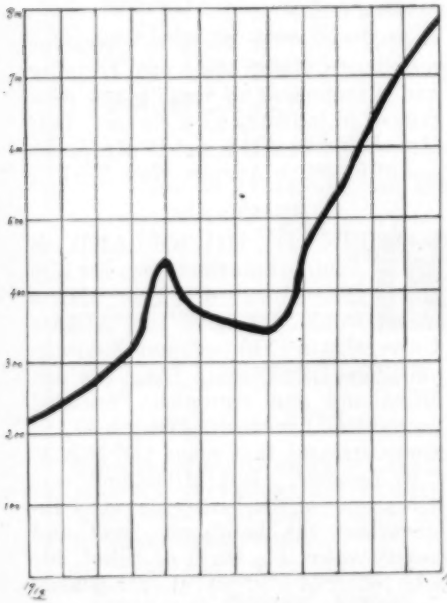
JOHN E. MILHOLLAND is dead. Had it not been for him the editor of THE CRISIS would not have left Atlanta University in 1910 to found this journal. The Constitution League which Milholland and Humphrey founded brought a current of strength to the many streams that made the N.A.A.C.P. possible. But Milholland was less a man of deed than a poet of inspiration; his handsome head and hearty voice, his thrill of belief, his whirlwind of big, joyful enthusiasm, and hot, scathing anger, made men move against their will and do things that could not be done. Thus at one enthusiastic meeting he shot the N.A.A.C.P. from a resolutions committee into an office with secretary and budget. I remember how the treasurer afterward looked at me with lack-lustre eye: "Well! Milholland has got you here! But where your salary is coming from *I* don't know!"

He is gone. He is gone to join that beautiful daughter who climbed the hills of light before, sweeping a way with the trailing of her shining gar-

ments; she who called back to him a year ago and made him stand one great last time for right. And now she has taken him by the hand and on they go.

EDUCATION

WE have 1200 students in Northern colleges and graduated 200 in arts; from our own colleges we sent out 592 graduates. We have risen annually:



1914	250
1915	281
1916	338
1917	455
1918	384
1919	373
1920	364
1921	461
1922	543
1923	646
1924	705
1925	792

Gratifying as this record is, it is below, far below our needs. If the Negro American is to keep abreast of this country intellectually he must graduate 3200 men and women from college each year instead of 800. This means redoubled, indeed quadrupled effort to send our sons and daughters to college; especially is this true when we recognize the tremendous forces working against us, working to keep us ignorant and submissive. Something of the results of this can be seen in the figures for Negro professional education:

1922	332
1923	486
1924	446
1925	392

Here the determined effort to keep Negroes out of medical and dental schools as well as the increased cost of professional education is showing bitter fruit. Let us be up and alert. Why, for instance, can it not become a custom for every Negro church in the United States to support a black student in college every year? This would add nearly 50,000 Negro students to our present enrollment of 7000.

GEORGE WILLIAM COOK

LAST October George William Cook finished fifty years of service to Howard University as student, teacher, secretary and dean. THE CRISIS and others joined in acclaim at this service. This service was pre-eminently human. George Cook was not a scientist or a scholar but he was a sympathetic friend to every Howard student; a man with a smile and a helping hand; and at the same time a careful administrator and honest business man. He loved Howard and Howard loved him. He served Howard with time, thought and money and every Howard man knew and respected him. Scarcely more than six months after his Jubilee Howard University for a second time legis-

lated this man out of its employ. Seven years ago the then new president, Dr. Durkee, put George Cook out of his position by abolishing his department. The University protested and Mr. Cook was hurriedly made dean of a brand new business school in the college. This year Mr. Durkee by means of "expert" investigation finds that 65 is an excellent age to retire teachers and officers, and Dean Cook was slated to go. Again Howard howled and Mr. Cook's sentence of official death is deferred one year with increased salary.

Is not all this splendid encouragement for Negro youth to serve and sacrifice for the race? And what are the Howard Alumni going to do about it?

THE PAGEANT OF THE ANGELS

I CAN see it now—that lovely, that poignantly beautiful thing. Yonder hung the hills of Hollywood and backward flowed in the night that lake of light, that sea of flame which is the city of the Angels, wide and encircling Los Angeles.

Here, heavy in the velvet night, lies the Bowl. Its dark and tree-trimmed sides rise solemnly to heaven. But down there, broidered with a wreath of stars, is a sudden splendor gleaming in topaz and gold, while the Herald, crimson-coated, sings:

"Hear ye, hear ye! Men of all the Americas! And listen to the tale of the eldest and strongest of the races of mankind, whose faces be black."

It is just a little play—a masque, a phantasy, a make-believe wherein three and four hundred men and women march and gesture and struggle and withdraw. But the thing they typify is mighty. These teachers and students, lawyers and working folk have stooped and brought to life ten thousand years of forgotten history. They have made the Negro race live again its beautiful and awful past. These hills have rung with melody and that dance of Death and Pain has in itself alone a beauty wet with tears.

Hard and loving, costly and adventurous has been the effort that brought the "Star of Ethiopia" to Los Angeles. It cost five thousand dollars and weeks of work; and doubt and travail, harsh words and with it, all curiously inwrought, a love and wonder, a working hand in hand and heart in heart which paid. And sitting again tonight I see the trees darkly, solemnly uplifted to God; I hear the wild, sad music and then comes thrilling the light—the light of dancing feet and soft, brown skins and beautiful, beautiful eyes: the eyes of Ethiopia on the Black Rock beneath the gleaming of her sword.

It is a beautiful memory. All but one thing. Somewhere in that picture there is a group of young folk—beautiful, intelligent, college-bred. They would not play with us. For that I did not greatly care. They had a right to refuse and perhaps a reason. But they lied about it. They smiled and assented. They looked me in the eye and said, "Certainly—and with pleasure!" And they did nothing. They did less than nothing. I do not care for their not playing. But for their own sakes, I wish they had not lied.

The Pageant of the Angels—New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Los Angeles; the Beginning, the Wonderful, the Perfect and the Beautiful.

"Hear ye, hear ye, all them that come to know the Truth and forget not the humblest and wisest of the races of men whose faces be black! Remember forever and a day the Star of Ethiopia and its gifts to Men: the Iron gift and gift of Faith, the Pain of Humility and Sorrow Song of

Pain, and Freedom, eternal Freedom underneath the Star. Children of the Angels: arise and go. The play is done! The play is done!"

SCOPES

ONE hundred per cent Americans are now endeavoring to persuade hilarious and sarcastic Europe that Dayton, Tennessee, is a huge joke and very, very exceptional. And in proof of all this the learned American press is emitting huge guffaws and peals of Brobdingnagian laughter combined with streaming tears. But few are deceived, even of those who joke and slap each other on the back. The truth is and we know it: Dayton, Tennessee, is America: a great, ignorant, simple-minded land, curiously compounded of brutality, bigotry, religious faith and demagoguery, and capable not simply of mistakes but of persecution, lynching, murder and idiotic blundering, as well as charity, missions, love and hope.

That is America and America is what it is because we believe in Ignorance. The whole modern Nordic civilization of which America is a great and leading branch has sold its soul to Ignorance. Its leading priests profess a religious faith which they do not believe and which they know, and every man of intelligence knows, they do not and cannot believe; and then when a knot of back-woodsmen led by some cheap demagogues try to drive out error in a logical way they learn to their own intense surprise that what the world was thinking and doing had in some unaccountable way been kept from them. Either, then, they have been deceived or are being attacked. They resent it and with the proper demagogue to lead they are ready to drive out heretics and defend the Truth as they have received it with gun and fagots.

Who is to blame? They that know; they that teach; they that have; they that sit silent and enjoy; great universities that close their doors to the mob; great scientists who prostitute truth to prejudice; great preachers who quibble with faith and facts; great rulers of wealth who fear understanding; and voluptuaries who have no wish to be disturbed by real democracy.

The folk who leave white Tennessee in blank and ridiculous ignorance of what science has taught the world since 1859 are the same ones who would leave black Tennessee and black America with just as little education as is consistent with fairly efficient labor and reasonable contentment; who rave over the 18th Amendment and are dumb over the 15th; who permit lynching and make bastardy legal in order to render their race "pure". It is such folk who, when in sudden darkness they descry the awful faces of the Fanatic, the Fury and the Fool, try to hide the vision with gales of laughter.

But Dayton, Tennessee, is no laughing matter. It is menace and warning. It is a challenge to Religion, Science and Democracy.

BULLARD

THOSE who know have not been at all surprised or disconcerted at the attack of General Bullard on Negro troops. This attack has been long planned and long over due. No sooner was the 92nd Division planned than Southern army officers like Bullard plotted its discomfiture and defeat. Nothing would have been more fatal to their plans than a successful Negro regiment officered by Negroes. The Negro haters entrenched in the Army and at Washington began, therefore, a concerted campaign.

1. They eliminated Charles Young as Colonel and substituted a well-meaning but weak white man with a

vicious chief-of-staff.

2. They made all the staff officers white.

3. They tried as far as possible to keep the best trained college Negroes from getting commissions as line officers and pushed forward former regular army subalterns in the hope that they would not presume on their rank and take real command.

4. They attempted to cripple and hamstring the division before it started by refusing to assemble it in one place before it sailed, (it was the only division so treated), by seeking to deprive it of various arms of service like artillery, etc.

5. From the time the regiment left America until it left France the colored officers and personnel were systematically insulted, brow-beaten, discouraged and railroaded to punishment. Some of the best officers were demoted and discharged and the campaign of slander and race hatred reached a height that again and again threatened mutiny. It was planned that all this should culminate in a wholesale removal of Negro officers on charges of inefficiency. But this program was halted by the unexpected success of the half-formed 93rd Division. This division was composed of colored militia with the addition of colored draftees and with some colored officers even as high as Colonel. They were ready to go to France and although the staff cut off every colored officer possible these crippled units landed in France with a score of black officers. Even in these regiments the white officers began to get rid of the colored but common suffering halted the campaign. The American army yelling for troops would not receive these units but the French took them, trained them, rushed them to the front and just as the white officers of the 92nd were about to eliminate their black brothers here came news of the phenomenal success and courage of the black 93rd with many of its colored officers still leading.

6. The anti-Negro campaign in France now halted a bit and sneaked underground. Poorly trained young white officers were dumped on the 92nd and good black officers were transferred to labor battalions while French officers were officially advised by the Americans: "We must prevent the rise of any pronounced degree of intimacy between French officers and black officers." Finally in the great last drive when the triumphant 93rd was sweeping forward to Sedan with the French front line, and the colored Moroccans were on the American left, the 92nd colored American division was placed in reserve. It was not prepared or trained for front line work. It had neither fit field officers nor equipment and it had, as Bullard says, no morale. How could it have when the white personnel of the division had been more eager to insult and traduce Negroes than to conquer the Germans?

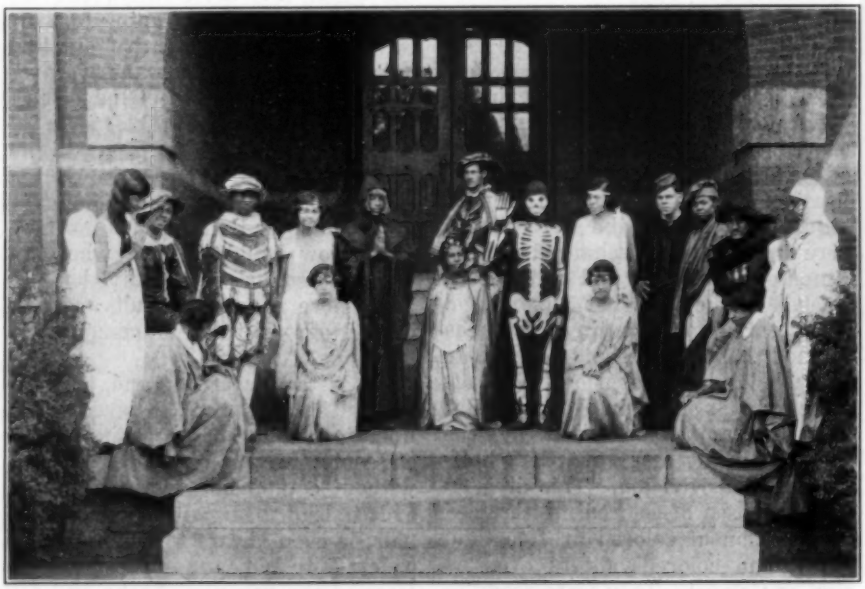
7. Without warning and, as every careful student must believe, by deliberate plot the 368th regiment was suddenly thrown into the front line, without equipment, with white cowards to lead them, without maps, signals or even shears to cut wire, and ordered to do an impossible job. Part of the regiment broke and fell back to where one of its white Majors was moaning and weeping; another part, unaided and unsupported, held its ground all night until reinforcements came. Again and again the line surged, broke and pushed forward under the idiotic and criminally incompetent leadership that the division had forced on it in order to keep "niggers" in their places.

8. A great campaign of slander was slated to be loosed after the Argonne battle. A half dozen Negro officers were railroaded to the gallows

by court martial. But meantime black America was aroused. THE CRISIS discovered and published the anti-Negro propaganda of America in France. Stories of the mismanagement of the 92nd got out. At last Baker and the War Department intervened. President Wilson pardoned the accused officers. The War Department officially exonerated the regiment.

9. And then after seven years, Bullard voices the re-vamped lie which was plotted in 1918 and lay awaiting forgetfulness. But we black men do not forget and there is about the writer a thousand pages of narrative and document to prove all and much more than has been written. Some day it will be published.

And speaking of cowards, which is the greater, the Alabama bully who insults the soldiers he hated and injured, or the black men who died for a country which gave Robert Lee Bullard a "Distinguished Service Medal"?



"EVERYMAN" AT ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

CAROLINE BOND DAY

TWENTY years ago at one of our Southern universities I witnessed the production of a Greek tragedy. The first scene represented the interior of a Greek temple. The stage was small, and when the curtains were drawn we beheld in the strong glare of the foot-lights a bust of Booker T. Washington pedestaled on the one side, and on the other, one of Beethoven. The tragedy became a comedy. The rest of the play was in keeping with the stage-setting. Most of us have had similar experiences which we knew to be the result of ill-chosen plays.

Since that day we have gone a far way in school dramatics. Yet, until we have enough indigenous playwrights to anticipate our needs we shall continue to have

problems in play-selection.

As a result of the recent discussion in the columns of "The Looking Glass" concerning the ability of Negro students to produce Shakespearean plays, the question has arisen —"What may be substituted in their stead?" Not, however, that we have agreed for a moment that they should be eliminated from our schools, or that they may not be done acceptably. We simply grant that these and certain others of the English Classics are produced with difficulty by our students and by amateur groups in general.

Obviously the most outstanding difficulty in this situation is one of physical suitability for the parts. Nevertheless for seven consecutive years I witnessed Shakespearean performances at Atlanta University which were thoroughly enjoyable and for which somehow suitable persons were secured, for this "bouquet race" of ours can supply types for all parts. I recall a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Miranda, and her equally fair Ferdinand, a pale and thoroughly patrician Olivia, a Katharine who was a prototype of England's Virgin Queen in looks as well as disposition, and dukes and gentlemen a plenty, handsome and swaggering enough for all that some of them were more like the Italians and other Latins whom they represented than like white men made up.

SHAKESPEARE AT ATLANTA

Yet to secure artistic production such as these were, a certain elimination of material is necessary for uniformity in the caste. Now in a club or group where all wish a turn at acting this means an added tax on a director already beset with the difficulties of amateur production.

It is for such groups as these then that we offer the following short list of plays. They are for the most part free from royalties, not necessarily expensive, entirely within the grasp of amateurs, and all of them allow some parts for persons of mixed blood and of purely Negroid types.

These I have divided arbitrarily into three groups and will offer a word of suggestion about one or two from each.

1. *Allegories, Moralities and adapted Fairy Tales.*

Every Man (old Morality Play)
Every Youth
Every Woman
*The Slave with Two Faces—Mary C. Davis
At the sign of the Greedy Pig—Charles S. Brooks
The Dragon—Lady Gregory
*Six who Pass while the Lentils Boil—Stuart Walker
Sir David Wears a Crown—Stuart Walker.

2. *Plays of Different Nationalities*

(a) *Oriental*

Chitra—Rabindranath Tagore
The Post office — Rabindranath Tagore
The Tents of the Arabs — Lord Dunsany
*King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior—Lord Dunsany
A Night at an Inn — Lord Dunsany
*Gods of the Mountains—Lord Dunsany
*The Golden Doom—Lord Dunsany
*The Judgment of Indra—Dhan Gopal Mukey

Egyptian

Caesar and Cleopatra—G. B. Shaw

(b) *Chinese*

The Yellow Jacket—Hazelton and Bemino
The Chinese Lantern—Lawrence Housman
*The Turtle Dove—Margaret S. Oliver

(c) *American Indian*

*The Glory of the Morning—Leanord
*The Arrow Maker—Mary Austin

* One-act plays.

*The Last of the Lowries—Paul Greene
Pokey—Moeller
Hiawatha (adapted version)—Long fellow

(d) *Negro*

*Three Plays for a Negro Theatre—Ridgely Torrence.
Emperor Jones—Eugene O'Neill
The Octoroon or Life in Louisiana—Dion Boucicault
The No 'Count Boy—Paul Green (Theatre-Arts Magazine Nov., 1924)

(e) *Spanish*

*A Sunny Morning—Quintero, Sarafin, and Joaquinn Alverez

3. *Modern*

*Miss Civilization—R. H. Davies
*Dinner at Seven Sharp—Tudor Jenks
*Maker of Dreams—Oliphant Downs
A Scrap of Paper—Sardou
*Neighbors—Zona Gale
*The Constant Lover—St. John C. Hankin
*The Lost Silk Hat—Lord Dunsany
*Will O' the Wisp—Doris Holman
*Spreading the News—Lady Gregory
The Cherry Orchard—Tchekhov

In the first we have allegories, moralities and adapted fairy-tales which are usually written without reference to a definite time or place. This leaves a wide latitude for the imagination. In "The Slave with Two Faces", a charming little sketch in one act, the characters are simply, First-Girl, Second-Girl, and Life. The girls are supposed to represent peasants of any nationality and Life may be so represented that like "Death" in "Everyman" one forgets all else save that he is a great elemental Power.

In a recent production of "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil", my "Ballad-Singer", so swarthy and handsome was he, might have come from Portugal, or the "Mimi", if any one had questioned her origin, from Japan. The interior of a French peasant kitchen was easily arranged and altogether we had a naive and refreshing entertainment for very little trouble and expense.

In the second group, "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior" is a typical Dunsany satire, and again is easily staged and costumed. An easy arrangement for scenery for this play is a simple back-drop or cyclorama on which is represented one or more of the pyramids in the distance. A cluster of large palm trees (rented if that is easier than to paint them) grouped at one side. The whole thing is merely suggestive of the desert. The caste includes a number of slaves who wear inconspicuous garments of brown burlap, or some other coarse material but it also boasts four Egyptian queens and one King who may be attired as gorgeously as desired. Another simple and beautiful play for amateurs is Tagore's "Chitra". It is a sort of East Indian Romeo and Juliet, with an opportunity for colorful costumes and out-of-door scenes.

In several other of the Dunsany plays as well as those of Tagore there are opportunities for Mohammedan costumes which are invariably becoming. The white and colored turbans and flowing robes add dignity and grace. These may be made of unbleached domestic cheese cloth or any suitable inexpensive cotton material and dyed in cold water dyes to the required shades.

Among the modern sketches there are few more appealing both to actors and audience than those of the Pierrot and Pierette type. One of the most graceful and attractive Pierrots whom I have seen was a young West Indian lad of seventeen. He sang and danced his way into the hearts both of his hearers and of the maiden in Oliphant Dawn's "The Maker of Dreams". The scenes were laid in a room so scantily furnished as to be almost bare and the costumes were the conventional ones for plays of the "Prunella" type.

Two of the best reference books for amateur directors are "Dramatics for School and Community" by C. M. Wise and "Producing in Little Theatres" by Clarence Stratton. In the former may be found a complete list of plays for school-production with all necessary information as to the number of male and female characters in each, titles of volumes in which shorter plays are included, and names of publishers.

It is to be hoped that with their latent histrionic ability our younger group is going to develop a splendid technic by producing the better type of plays. The time is not far off when there will be a great demand for good Negro actors and actresses.

"UP NORTH"

BY A MULATTO—

I AM a mulatto and twenty. In me flows the blood of many races. And it is warm blood and restless blood that will not bide its time in cheap servility. As I write these words, on the border of a college campus "up north", the strains of jazz drift across space. An orchestra is playing *Me and My Boy Friend* at the dance. All the college is there but me. I am not there, but I can imagine the swaying of human forms in a dance. I realize what I am missing, because I, myself, dance when I am at home in the tortuous South among my people. I am lonesome. I could go to a cheap show but I am sick of them. I have been doing that for three years. I would like to go to the dance. There are girls there whom I know. I meet them every day in classes. I have seen them day in and day out. Some of them would dance with me if they only dared. I am not a bad dancer. I could carry them down the dance floor with as much ease and grace as any of their companions. Two shades of color and a memory stop me from doing it. No, only the memory, for there are many at the dance darker than I. A memory that I could soon forget if it were not ever piercingly brought back to me again and again.

There are men at that dance who are my friends. Men with whom I have smoked, played cards, eaten, wrestled, sworn, told racy tales and talked incessantly about everything under these grey northern skies, except their women . . . aye, "there's the rub". We will meet in a room. We will light my cigarettes. We will deal the cards. We will "crab" about a professor or the college "commons". We will swear, as all college men sooner or later learn to do even though loathing it. And then *they* will talk about the dance of the night before. The women. The "crushes". The town girls. The co-eds. The chaperones. Here we strike an *impasse*. I must not transgress, I must not question. I must only sit and listen and let sink in what may. If I question I am met with a cold stare and a "what-is-it-to-you" attitude. My slightest inquiry about a girl invokes deepest suspicion. We deal out the cards and the game is on.

These men admire me. A small bunch of us clique together. We run undergraduate affairs (there are no fraternities here). They have done me favors. But most that they have given me I have earned. They have made me editor of their paper. I represent the college in debate. They have elected me to their most select literary club, an insipid, mid-victorian affair by the way. They talk to me about books. We delight together in *The Green Hat* and *Leave it to Psmith* and other modern fiction. We are devotees of the *Mercury*. But they avoid assiduously any articles that appear on race equality by Boas or Du Bois or Herskovits. This is out of the province of their superficial craze for the salacious. In class work I excel the majority of these *confidants*. The main reason being that when they are at dances I study for sheer lack of any thing better to do.

I am as decent as any of my associates who are the accepted leaders of the college. I frequently go to the cheap theatre in this dirty little town with the son of the President of the college. Now and then I am the guest of a professor. I am treated with more than usual deference. But this is ahead of the story.

I come from a large city. I was educated in a large preparatory school. My parents are well educated and cultured people. Their culture is not one whit less than the culture of the parents of any one of my associates. I have been thrown constantly in contact with a "set" of younger people, whose cultural background is the same as my own. The college that I attend is small and provincial. Many of the students are poor and working their way through. Many of them have not been out of the state. Most of them lack culture and polish. With these I go to class. With them I learn in sociology "that there are no racial stocks which are inherently superior to other racial stocks", "that superiority is largely the result of environment". I look back contemplatively on the environment of my classmates and that of myself. And then I hear music coming across the campus. They are playing *June Night*. I imagine the

shuffling of feet in unison. It is then that I have the theme for a tragedy.

I am about as sane an individual as is the average American citizen. I am not especially anxious to marry over into the *other* race or any race. But I am human. There are no girls of my own race in this whole town. No, not within a hundred miles of the place. I desire the natural companionship that any young adolescent of twenty wants with the opposite sex. I believe it is necessary to normal development. As conditions are now I am isolated. I am developing under untoward and abnormal conditions.

Further than this my situation is aggravated by attitudes of different people with whom I come in contact. I have already indicated the attitude of my male college mates. What of the co-eds? My contact with them comes in classes, class meetings, club meetings, committee meetings and the library. But most of all: the library. Everywhere, except in the library they are very formal. Now and then one will become a little less stilted in her tone. In the library they come to "co-educate", not to study. They flirt openly and without fear. They send one "fair speechless messages" and appear shocked if they receive an answer. But this may seem fanciful. Perhaps their smiles, stares and glances are mis-interpreted. How then is one to interpret anonymous notes, cards and telephone calls? They will ask you foolish questions about assignments which are printed and posted and easily accessible. They will chat with you when no one is around and assume an air of stony coldness in the presence of others. They will speak to you on the campus one day and ignore you the next. They will talk to other college men about you and ask questions concerning you which get back time and again. To them you are an unknown quantity. Neither black nor white. They wish they dared know you more intimately.

"Down-town" matters are a little different. The girls there (waitresses, mill girls and high school flirts) are a little less careful in their relations with you. They will go out with you to the dark "movie" house from which you may slip unobserved. They are plainly ignorant bores. They will "pick-you-up" or to be frank you will "pick them up" on the street and have a good time for the night and forget. Not the best way, perhaps; but the only way.

All these contacts with people. Should I be grateful for the half-way freedom they have offered? To be sure it is more than I would get "down South" (how strange I seem to them coming from the South and yet not having a drawl). Should I be "thankful" for the kindness of people who cannot see why my contact with them shouldn't leave me with a decided "inferiority complex"? No doubt when I graduate and go back home to segregation I shall look back on college days as heaven in comparison; but that bridge is yet to be crossed. Besides they tell wonderful tales of France before the invasion of that glorious country by American soldiers and tourists from the South. And there is South America or Cuba.

THE COLORIST

ANITA SCOTT COLEMAN

GOD is an Indian—He loves gay color so. . . .
Red, yellow, purple, oranges and blue
Are in the sky at sunset; at the sunrise, too.

God is Irish—He likes green color best.
All the trees and grasses in green garments oft-times dress.

God is Saxon, stern and cold.
For snow is white and ice is cold.
The downy clouds are white. And a
White moon peeks; when lovers pledge their troth.
Cotton is white and snowy lambkin's fleece.

God is African—for night is robed in black.
The twinkling stars are black men's eyes.
The black clouds, tempests tell.
While little seeds of flowers birthed are
Tans and browns and black. . . .

NEGRO HISTORY, HARVARD STYLE *

AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL

IT is probably safe to say that no advance in the realm of learning as it pertains to the American Negro has been more marked than that which has shown itself recently in the field of history. Much of the so-called history about the American Negro, whether appearing in text books or in periodicals, has been, until recent years, both unauthentic and harmful. To begin with, not much was told about the American Negro and what was told about him was often untrue. This is not to be wondered at, however, when one considers that much of this so-called history has been written by people who knew little and cared probably less about the Negro. In some cases his avowed enemies have done the writing.

In recent years, however, the Negro has taken to writing about himself and about his share in the history of America. Much that he has written has been indeed poor material but that can be explained by his lack of training for such work. But a better day is upon us.

To those persons who have kept in touch with the new school of writers of Negro history, the influence of the Department of History of Harvard University has been plainly evident. These writers are bringing to their work the methods of modern historiography which are so strongly advocated and so well exemplified by the Harvard historians.

Dr. DuBois (Harvard Ph.D.) set a high standard in this field in his early work, "The Suppression of the African Slave Trade". The same can be said of his later book, "The Negro", and of his recently published work, "The Gift of Black Folk". Professor Benjamin Brawley (Harvard A.M.) has given us in his "Short History of the American Negro" a valuable text book especially suited for high school use; while his "Social History of the American Negro" is admirably suited for use in colleges and universities. Dr. Carter G. Woodson (Harvard Ph.D.) is devoting his entire time to this field and the books which have come from his pen are all evidences of his scholarship and ability: "The Negro in Our History", "The History of the Negro Church", "The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861", "Free Negro Heads of Families in the United States in 1830", "A Century of Negro Migration".

Mr. A. A. Taylor (Harvard A.M.) has entered this list with his recently published work, "The Negro in South Carolina During the Reconstruction", the first publication of his researches into the part played by the Negro in the reconstruction of the Southern states following the Civil War.

It is fitting that Mr. Taylor should choose South Carolina for his first study of the Reconstruction Period since it was she who led her sister states in the withdrawal from the national family, thereby making reconstruction necessary. He will be able to present many an interesting tale as his investigations proceed. Think of what he will have to tell us of Georgia and of Mississippi and of Alabama!

Mr. Taylor does not confine himself to a study of the political conditions of the period of which he writes, albeit many people have considered the period in its political aspects only. His first three chapters are devoted to a careful and scientific study of the Negro population of the State, the confusion of the transition from slavery to freedom and the way in which the attempt to revitalize slavery was curbed. Four chapters are devoted to economic adjustment, economic progress, educational forces and religious influences as they affected the period. One chapter is devoted to the Constitutional Convention of 1868. Four chapters are devoted to the reconstructionists and their measures, the opposition to reconstruction, the reform within the ranks and the overthrow of the reconstructionists. One chapter tells how corruption was exposed to justify intimidation.

Those persons who would like to make brief but direct answer to the charge frequently made and more frequently implied that the reconstruction governments were controlled by venal and corrupt bodies of

* A review of "The Negro in South Carolina During the Reconstruction" by Alrutheus Ambush Taylor, A.M., associate investigator of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. Published by the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Inc., Washington, D. C.

ignorant and dishonest Negroes will do well to read Mr. Taylor's chapters on Reconstructionists and their Measures and Reform within the Ranks. Likewise, those persons who wish to get on the inside as it were and see some of the stupendous problems with which the reconstructionists found themselves faced and the difficulties of their position, the chapters on the Overthrow of the Reconstructionists and Corruption Exposed to Justify Intimidation will be something of a revelation. The chapter on the Aftermath of Reconstruction shows us the forces at work by which the Negro was finally eliminated from politics in South Carolina. An excellent Summary closes the book.

The wide range of Mr. Taylor's investigations is evidenced by the excellent bibliography which appears in the last pages of his book and which includes diaries, church histories, school reports, books of travel by Americans and by foreigners, contemporary magazines and newspapers and federal and state documents. Students and teachers will welcome so trustworthy a work in this field, for much of the printed matter generally used in the schools and colleges of this country in teaching the history of the Reconstruction Period is junk—absolute junk!

This book comes to us therefore as a welcome and a valuable addition to the literature dealing with the American Negro. In addition to that it is concrete evidence of the invaluable work which is being done in this field by the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History under the direction of Dr. Woodson.

MISSOURI SHOWS US

FOR more than a half century Lincoln University of Missouri (formerly Lincoln Institute) has been a stormy petrel in Missouri's politics. During most of these years it was *manipulated* rather than *managed* in an educational way. It struck the downward road at the end of Inman Page's first administration 30 years ago. At that time it passed definitely into politics and became the plaything of petty politicians, especially of the Jefferson City variety. The state at large lost interest in it; the alumni broke up into factions. Presidential tenure depended wholly upon the political acumen of the incumbent; and this institution, with a historical background worthy of a better record, became a sort of educational pariah.

Four years ago, the people of the state sat up and began to take notice with the result that the legislature under the leadership of Hon. Walthall M. Moore, our first race member, made Lincoln Institute a potential institution of higher learning under the style of Lincoln University and authorized its Curators (formerly regents) to promote as rapidly as possible the same educational activities for Negro youth of the state that are promoted for white youth at the State University.

After certain reverses due to faulty or deceptive financial legislation, the Curators eventually launched the new program under the direction of President Young.

The politicians, viewing the departure of their control with alarm, set about to defeat the program. They succeeded in convincing the new governor that the Negroes of the state were clamoring for a Missouri man for the Presidency of their University—that not only political necessity but also state and sectional pride demanded that such a change be made. He accepted that point of view and reorganized the Board of Curators with the view to having it come to pass. Of course, this program was kept a profound secret to be carried out at the psychological moment in regular *coup d'état* style.

The plan, however, leaked out bit by bit through the indiscretion of those "in on it". The slogan, first whispered, but finally blazoned abroad was, "Young's got to go! He and his Southerners".

The new Board met and reorganized according to well laid plans. Immediately the proposition was made to declare the position of President vacant in true steam-roller style. But a minority, helpless though not witless, protested such precipitous action. As a matter of courtesy, the majority agreed

to the proposition that the President be allowed to speak *before his execution.* This he did with the result that action on the presidency was deferred to another date.

When that date came, the Curators faced delegations of an aroused public that had already expressed itself in no uncertain terms as to the proposed change. It was literally a spontaneous uprising the like of which was never before seen in Missouri. The Negroes of the state were a practical unit in that matter. One of the majority bloc, in obedience to his own sense of honor, as well as to the wish of his constituency, broke away and created a dead-lock—the ex-officio member not voting.

At a third meeting, this member voted for the administration, and thus ended the first phase of the fight of the Negroes of Missouri to rescue their state institution of higher learning from the politicians. They made a good job of it and it appears that the way is now clear for Lincoln University of Missouri to become an accredited institution of higher learning in accordance with the desire of the people of the state and of the Middle West.

THE EVIL FAN

An Episode

HARRY WEIR BOLAND

ON one of my trips into New Mexico I found myself at dusk in one of its leading towns.

The entire place was in utter darkness. Blinds were pulled down in all the houses. There was no friendly ray to guide me from depot to hotel. In the big hotel no lights were lit and it was with great difficulty that I scrawled my name upon the register.

The clerk assigned me to room No. 67 and left me to find my way alone. I groped along the halls and corridors in a vain effort to get to my room and seemed to go about in a circle always returning to the spot from which I started.

In my dilemma, I became aware of a female form beside me; at the same time I heard her addressing me. "He is a stranger here?" she asked. "Oh," I said, "Is thee a Friend?" "No, I am the proprietress. My husband leaves the managing entirely in my hands. The register tells me your name is Harrison. I visit friends of that name in Johnson."

"Johnstown!" I exclaimed. "Then you sometimes travel our way."

"I mean Johnson, New Mexico", was her reply.

"Tell me", I inquired, "why is the whole place in darkness? Is something wrong in the power house?"

"No, we are dark on purpose. We had a shooting this evening and there ain't goin' be nothin' doin' till we get at the bottom of it. If it was a 'nigger' that killed a white man, we will have justice. If it was the other way 'round the law will take its course.

"George Cooper stepped up to Slim Baker this evening and called him a low-down 'nigger'. Slim only grinned. George up with his fist and split Slim's lip. Slim let fire and George fell dead. We know all these facts. But what puzzles us is that we always took George for a white man although he is powerful dark. Slim is as white as you or I but they call him 'nigger'. George never worked. Slim don't do nothin' but. Slim has several medals. One for rescuing a sick woman from a burning building. George never saved anything or anybody. So we have to decide."

"Such a judgment requires a Daniel", I ventured.

She gave me a puzzled look. In the morning I was astir before sun-up as I wanted to take the first train.

On the way to the station I saw a mob of men shoving another ahead of them. They were off to the woods; a delicate question had been *decided.*

"This I know that every law that man has made for man,
Since man first took his brother's life and the old world began,
But saves the chaff and straws the wheat
With a most evil fan."

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

YOUNG thoughts have music in them,
Love and happiness their theme;
And music wanders in the wind,
That lulls a morning dream.
And there are angel voices
Heard in childhood's happy hours,
When life is but an April day
Of frolic and of flowers.

FITZGREENE HALLECK.

AMONG the new fall books will be a volume published by the Viking Press, Inc., consisting of a group of Negro spirituals collected and edited by James Weldon Johnson. The editor has been helped in this study by his brother, Rosamond Johnson, and by Roland Hayes, Lawrence Brown and Paul Robeson. Mr. Johnson in an exhaustive introduction demonstrates the importance and significance of the spiritual in American folk music.

* * *

THE Weary Blues by Langston Hughes (this poet rhymes his titles with his name!), the winning poem in the *Opportunity* Prize Contest is reprinted in the August *Forum*. It is accompanied by an illustration by Winold Reiss, a highly futuristic piece of work, yet far more pleasing doubtless to colored art enthusiasts than the portraits of real people which we saw recently by the same artist in the *Survey Graphic*. It is one thing to evolve, as in the case of the decoration for Mr. Hughes's poem, an absolutely imaginary and fantastic picture and label that an interpretation. It is something else to take real people and, calling the result portraits, contort and distort their features and appearance to illustrate a preconceived idea of the Negro. For undoubtedly Mr. Reiss used his subjects to interpret his concept of the Negro instead of employing his clever brush and eye to interpret his sitters as they really are. This attitude is in our judgment scarcely the correct attitude of the portrait painter. But all this is a far cry from Langston Hughes whose poem beautiful and photographic as it is has yet gained immeasurably in this instance from Mr. Reiss' drawing.

WE have received for review:

Southern Pioneers, edited by Howard W. Odum (University of North Carolina Press); The Menace of Colour by J. W. Gregory (J. B. Lippincott Co.); Everyman's Genius by Mary Austin (Bobbs Merrill).

* * *

ARTICLES on the Negro in current literature:

Imperator Africanus,—E. D. Walrond,—*Independent*, January, 1925.

Georgia, Invisible Empire State,—W. E. B. DuBois, *Nation*, Jan. 21, 1925.

Virginia's Attempt to Adjust the Color Problem,—W. A. Plecker, *Amer. Journal Pub. Health*,—February, 1925.

Negro Race Movements in America,—A. M. Chirgwin,—*Contemporary Review*, February, 1925.

Ambushed in the City,—W. D. Lane,—*Survey*, March, 1925.

Comparison of Races,—J. E. Gregg,—*Scientific Monthly*, March, 1925.

Southern Memories, — A. Guérard, — *Scribner's*, March, 1925.

Disfranchisement of Negroes in New England,—J. T. Adams,—*American History Review*, April, 1925.

Crown's Bess,—Du Bose Heyward,—*Forum*, August, 1925

* * *

POLITICAL PARTIES OF THE FUTURE

FELIX FRANKFURTER writes in the *New Republic:*

The Republican and Democratic parties do not face the issues because there are no differences in realities cutting across the two parties. They each represent unreal cohesions, because they are both organized appetites kept alive by the emotional warmth of past traditions. The "solid South" is at once the single greatest cohesive factor of the Democratic party and in turn explains the outworn survival of the G.O.P. The "solid South" is thus the greatest immoral factor of American politics, and to the extent that Northerners help to perpetuate it they are accomplices in all the evils that flow from it. But with the rapid industrialization of the South, the increasing migration of Negroes to the North, and with our new immigration policy and its inevitable repercussions upon politics and industry, one need not be foolish or fanciful to look for a realignment in political affairs which will, in Woodrow Wilson's phrase, "uncover realities".

MIXED BLOOD

THE much maligned mulatto receives unusually sane treatment at the hands of Albert Guérard writing in the June *Scribner's:*

There is a plaza in Paris dedicated to the three Alexandre Dumas. The first the son of a Haytian planter and of a Negress was a general at the time of the Revolution and the Empire. The second, unmistakably African in coloring and features, was the jolly giant who has fascinated three generations with his romantic tales, who made and lost several fortunes, managed newspapers and theatres, hobnobbed with the greatest in the land, and preceded Henry Ford in devising methods of quantity production. The third besides giving an everlasting and deplorable model of maudlin romanticism in *La Dame aux Camélias*, besides suffering from a painful excess of technical skill and Parisian wit, created the modern problem play, paved the way for symbolism on the stage before Ibsen had been heard of, and wrote the homiletic paradoxical, glittering prefaces when Bernard Shaw, his ungrateful son, was still in his cradle. Few Nordic families could offer the same record of physical and intellectual energy as that "colorful" dynasty of the Dumas.

. . . I am only pleading for careful study: I am not claiming in advance that the mulatto is a desirable product. I am only stating that the fine record of many people of mixed parentage should prevent us from accepting blindly any adverse verdict. On the whole, analogies drawn from other branches of biology are favorable to cross-breeding, if it be followed by selection. The finest breeds of dogs, horses and plants are the result of careful crossing. This proves very little I know; but it may at any rate act as a check on prior conclusion.

THE NEGRO AND ORGANIZED LABOR

WHENEVER Negroes accuse labor unions of discriminating against them the union leaders usually yell: "Scab". Once in a while, however, union labor is compelled to tell the truth and the International Labor News Service, published by the International Labor Press of America in the Federation of Labor Building, Washington, D. C., has this significant paragraph in its issue of June 20:

The enactment of the Cuthbertson-Soderstrom injunction limitation bill by the Illinois General Assembly is another victory for the American labor press particularly in reference to those labor papers which are allied with International Labor News Service. . . .

The thing that finally turned the scales in labor's favor in the House was the fact that two of the four Negro members voted in favor of the bill on final passage. The vote was 78 to 65. It takes 77 votes to make a constitutional majority. All four Negro members of the House and one Negro Senator had consistently voted against labor previously on the ground that organized labor was exercising discrimination against the Negro race.

This false impression was partially removed after the visit of a delegation of Chicago Negro trade unionists to Springfield, and following a conference by "Ed" Wright, the Chicago Negro political leader, with a large group of Negro trade unionists at the headquarters of the Illinois State Federation of Labor in Chicago.

This goes to show that when organized labor will support Negroes, Negroes will support organized labor.

A WORD FROM INDIA

THE SERVANT OF INDIA published in Poona City has a note of commendation for THE CRISIS and its contributors:

Talking of journalistic ventures, we take this opportunity of referring to "THE CRISIS —a record of the darker races," published for the last fifteen years in New York by that great American Negro leader, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. The paper is advancing from strength to strength and with its new volume, begun last month, is striking a deeper and not merely propagandistic note. An article in this month's issue by H. M. Bond on "Temperament" is of special value, analyzing as it does the current conception that temperament is something racial, and analyzing it with the sure touch of one who is master of his subject. The idea is prevalent that the Negro is constitutionally hyper-emotional and submissive: Prof. Bond with unimpassioned logic proves that Negro submissiveness is the necessary accommodation to a master class of transplanted slaves and that emotionalism cannot be an ethnic characteristic, seeing that its prevalence amongst American Negroes varies exactly in accordance with the emotionalism of the sect to which they happen to belong. The writer admits that, as a defence mechanism, the American Negro is developing a race-consciousness (in this country we call it Nationalism!)—"which is of utility in destroying the submissive and dependent attitude hitherto assumed." But, he continues —and how one wishes his words would find an echo in the hearts of our people!— "too strong a race-consciousness may be as disastrous as none at all. What we should value as more enduring and important than any race-consciousness is a realization of ourselves as simply and wholly human; not separable by any anatomical, or intellec-

tual, or temperamental barriers from our fellows. To realize that we are but human beings; prone to err, subjected to the vices of others, heirs of the virtues of the saints and fellow beneficiaries of the common weal. Than this can there be a diviner racial goal?"

THEORY AND REALITY

MR. HOLT of Arkansas writes us:

As a reader of THE CRISIS for a number of years, and one interested in your people, I cannot help calling your attention to your article "The Hero of Memphis" in your issue for July. It shows a very bad spirit and one that can do no good. This was an Engineers' Convention and these were engineers who were on the boat. There probably was not one of them that had ever been a member of a mob. In fact, probably they were unanimously opposed to mobs. There probably was not one of them that had ever stolen the earnings of Negro workers, or raped Negro women, or shut the door of opportunity in the face of Negro children, because this is very foreign to people of this class. You are very much mistaken if you think a majority of the people in this country are in favor of oppressing the Negro. They are not. Of course I know that there are a great many things done that are bad.

I was born in Connecticut, raised in Missouri and came to Arkansas from southern Illinois and have resided here 42 years and my, my what a change there has been! It is growing better instead of worse, and the Negro is moving forward with wonderful strides.

* * *

Mr. Holt's theories are splendid, but now let us consider the kind of acts which are not "foreign to people of this class". We learn from the Memphis *News-Scimitar:*

A Negro switchman, for 37 years a faithful employe of one railroad here in Memphis, lay bleeding to death near the Bellevue viaduct. His foot had slipped, and he had fallen beneath a moving switch engine. His right arm and leg were severed.

A few moments later, two white ambulances dashed up, in a mad race to be first to the scene. Ambulance attaches rushed to the fallen man. They took one look, saw that he was a Negro and that it would be a little bother to get a stretcher down to him, and backed away.

In the ambulances were first aid kits, fully equipped for any emergency. The ambulance men are experts in first aid work. They knew the wounded man's desperate plight, and that every second counted if he was to be saved. But they hung around with their hands in their pockets while the crowd that had gathered implored them to do something for the dying man. Finally they drove away, and 45 minutes after the Negro switchman was hurt, a Negro ambulance drove up, loaded him in and took him to the hospital.

It was too late. He was dead when the ambulance reached the hospital, a victim of man's inhumanity to man.

These are facts related by eye-witnesses and carefully checked. The incident happened in Memphis Sunday afternoon.

THE MYSTERIOUS EGYPTIANS

ONE of these days we are going to die of apoplexy superinduced by reading the latest explanations of the origin of the Egyptians. For instance, here comes Mr. Charles Dekay, author, critic, Major, editor and what not, reviewing in the *New York Times*, Weigal's "Ancient Egyptian Works of Art".

Since Herodotus visited the Nile and chummed with priests and wise-acres in the fifth century B.C many theories have been advanced concerning the origin of the Egyptians; but, less fortunate than the old classic question of the origin of the Nile, that problem, so fascinating for ethnologists, remains ever unsolved. Low reliefs attributed to the very earliest of reigns known, to rulers before those of the First Dynasty, exhibit a remarkable vigor and understanding of animals and men . . .

The dead men in this realistic scene have curly pates,

But, mind you, these folks "are not Negroes"!

* * *

Or again

Very early we find those heavy wigs that are fixed for several thousand years as a permanent fashion, one that the Israelites of the Exodus carried with them out of Egypt along with many other ideas, superstitions and customs, one that remains with them still. In their origin the wigs were plainly protective as guards for the head and back of the neck from the sun. This might suggest that the fashion started in some climate hotter than that of the Nile, say the coasts of the Red Sea or Arabia, in Nubia or the Sudan. But the faces of the ruling class are neither Aryan nor Semitic nor Turanian. Lips are rather thick.

But neither face nor figure has "Negroid traits"!

* * *

Is not all this a mighty mystery? These Egyptians as evidenced by language, color, hair and religion do not come from Europe and do not come from Asia. Where else could they have come from? The ordinary reader might suspect that they had

to come from Africa; but oh no! Their origin is *very* mysterious!

Or again here comes Harry V. Harlan writing in the *National Geographic Magazine* on a caravan trip through Abyssinia. Thus saith Mr. Harlan:

Many Americans think of the Abyssinians as Negroes. . . . Many years ago the Negroes of America sent a mission to Ethiopia to congratulate Menelik on being the ruler of the only independent Negro country. He refused to receive the mission.

This, of course, is nothing less than a trumped up lie although we do not accuse Mr. Harlan of the trumping. He is simply passing it on. The only mission ever sent to Abyssinia by America was led by a colored man, the late William H. Ellis, who took the leading role after the representative of our State Department was drowned *en route*. The mission was splendidly received and all of our present commercial treaties with Abyssinia are based on it. Outside of this Colored United States has never sent a mission to Abyssinia; but Black Haiti did send one and it was not only welcomed but one of its members, Benito Sylvain, was made Abyssinian representative in Europe. Moreover if you do not believe that these Abyssinians are what Americans call "Negroes", look on page 242.

THAT INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

WHEN the International Council of Women met in Washington they decided on an "Evening of American Music" remarking:

The Music Department of the National Council of Women embraces all lovers of music. It is a democratic movement to stimulate better citizenship through the medium of music to encourage music "of the people, by the people and for the people" to help make America a singing nation.

The Chairman of this department extends to our distinguished guests a joyous greeting from all our people and their songs will go with you when you return to your native shore.

* * *

The program, an elaborate one, was arranged as follows:

Part 1: Indian Songs and Dances.

Part 2: Plantation Scene staged by Hallie Q. Brown, M.S., assisted by Mr. Henry P. Grant, Mrs. Harriet Mainhall, Mrs. Emma Lee Williams and Mrs. Fannie H. Douglass. Humming the Bamboula, Plantation Calls and Responses, and Negro Spirituals.

Amphion Glee Club—Men's voices. (a) "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot", arranged by Burleigh; (b) "Steal Away". Professor Henry Lewis, Director.

Richmond Treble Clef—Double Octette, (a) "You'll Reap What You Sow"; (b) "Listen to the Lambs", Dett; Sevilla E. Briggs, Director.

Howard University Glee Club, (a) "Deep River"; (b) "Just You", Burleigh. Professor Roy W. Tibbs, Director.

Hampton Institute Choir, Professor Nathaniel Dett, Director.

Howard University Choral Society. Augmented by visiting artists, in a massed choir of 150 voices, (a) "Negro National Hymn", James Weldon Johnson, Lulu Vere Childers, Director.

Part 3: American Ballet.

Part 4: U. S. Marine Band.

* * *

The Negro songs however did not accompany the distinguished guests on their return to their native shores. The Executive Board of the National Association of Colored Women whose president is Mary McLeod Bethune explains why:

In order to maintain their self-respect, the members of the National Association of Colored Women were forced to cancel their program, prepared at the request of the Music Department of the National Council of Women, for the Musicale given May fifth by the International Council of Women, during its Quinquennial Session in the national capital . . .

Having learned that there was a possibility that colored people would be segregated in the Washington Auditorium, several officers of the National Association of Colored Women conferred with the President of the National Council of Women, to protest against the contemplated discrimination . . .

From a written statement made by the President of the National Council of Women, the officers of the National Association of Colored Women were led to believe that their race would not be segregated.

In order to make their position in this matter perfectly clear, the officers of the National Association of Colored Women explicitly stated that, if there were any discrimination on account of color or race, they would cancel their part of the program. Therefore, the charge that the National Association of Colored Women withdrew from the program without warning is not founded in fact.

Upholding their own purposes and ideals, as well as those of the International Council of Women, even though they deeply regretted it, the officers of the National Association of Colored Women were forced to withdraw from the program.

Who is responsible for this sort of thing? No one seems to know. Who by their failure to protest connive at such actions? We cannot say. But among the patrons for this particular occasion were: six members of the Cabinet and their wives; eight foreign ambassadors and their wives; and such personages as:

Mrs. Harlan F. Stone, Mrs. Minnegerode Andrews, Miss Mabel Boardman, Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, Mrs. Newbold Noyes, Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Mrs. Harvey Wiley, Mrs. Edward Terry Sandford.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR THE WHITE RACE

WE append two clippings, the first sent out by a Southern news-service from Raleigh, N. C.; the second taken from the Winston-Salem, N. C. *Journal:*

Raleigh, N. C., June 25 (P.N.S.)—Wallace Powell, young white man, was sentenced to six months on the Wake county roads Wednesday in the City Court for an assault on Mary Jones, thirteen-year-old Negro girl, who had a room at the house in which Powell was living on Glenwood Avenue. He gave notice of appeal and bond was fixed at $200.00.

Lexington, June 27.—Augustus Lasane, Negro, a married man about 30 years old, was sentenced here this afternoon in superior court to serve two years county roads on the charge of writing a love note to a white girl of this city. Lasane had been convicted earlier in the week, after appealing from recorder's court, where he received the same sentence, the limit permitted by law for his offense.

Before passing sentence, Judge T. D. Murphy, of Asheville, presiding over the week's term, declared that any Negro man who would write a love note to a white woman should receive the full penalty of the law.

The young woman, clerk in a local store, testified that on a Saturday night recently the Negro came into the store and made a small purchase and laid a dime and a note in her hand, pressing down firmly as he did so. The note declared his love and asked her to write him, giving the name of James Wilson. The note was compared with checks signed by the defendant and the jury held the writing was the same. The young woman also made positive identification. Lasane put up a vigorous denial and claimed his wife was by his side when he was in the store in question on the night alleged.

The case was the first of the kind ever tried here, and, according to legal circles, disclosed that the mere act of sending a love note across the lines of race was not forbidden by any law of the state. The conviction of Lasane hinged on the testimony of the girl that he pressed on her hand in placing the note and also that he had previously smiled at her.

We call attention first to the dictum of the learned Judge Murphy that "any Negro man who would write a love note to a white woman should receive the full penalty of the law"; secondly to the finding of the court "that the mere act of sending a love note across the lines of race was not forbidden by any law of the state". To your tents, O Israel!

VOICELESS

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

A THING of radiant beauty
I saw on passing wing,
A bird of gorgeous colors;
Alas, he could not sing!

The Horizon

NEWLY ELECTED OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF NEGRO MUSICIANS
Standing: Left to Right: Camille Nickerson, Henry Grant, Lillian Lemon, J. Wesley Jones, Lillian Carpenter, Adelaide Herriot
Sitting: Left to Right: Mildred Bryant Jones, Carl Diton, Alice Carter Simmons, R. Nathaniel Dett (President), Martha Broadus Anderson, Clarence Cameron White

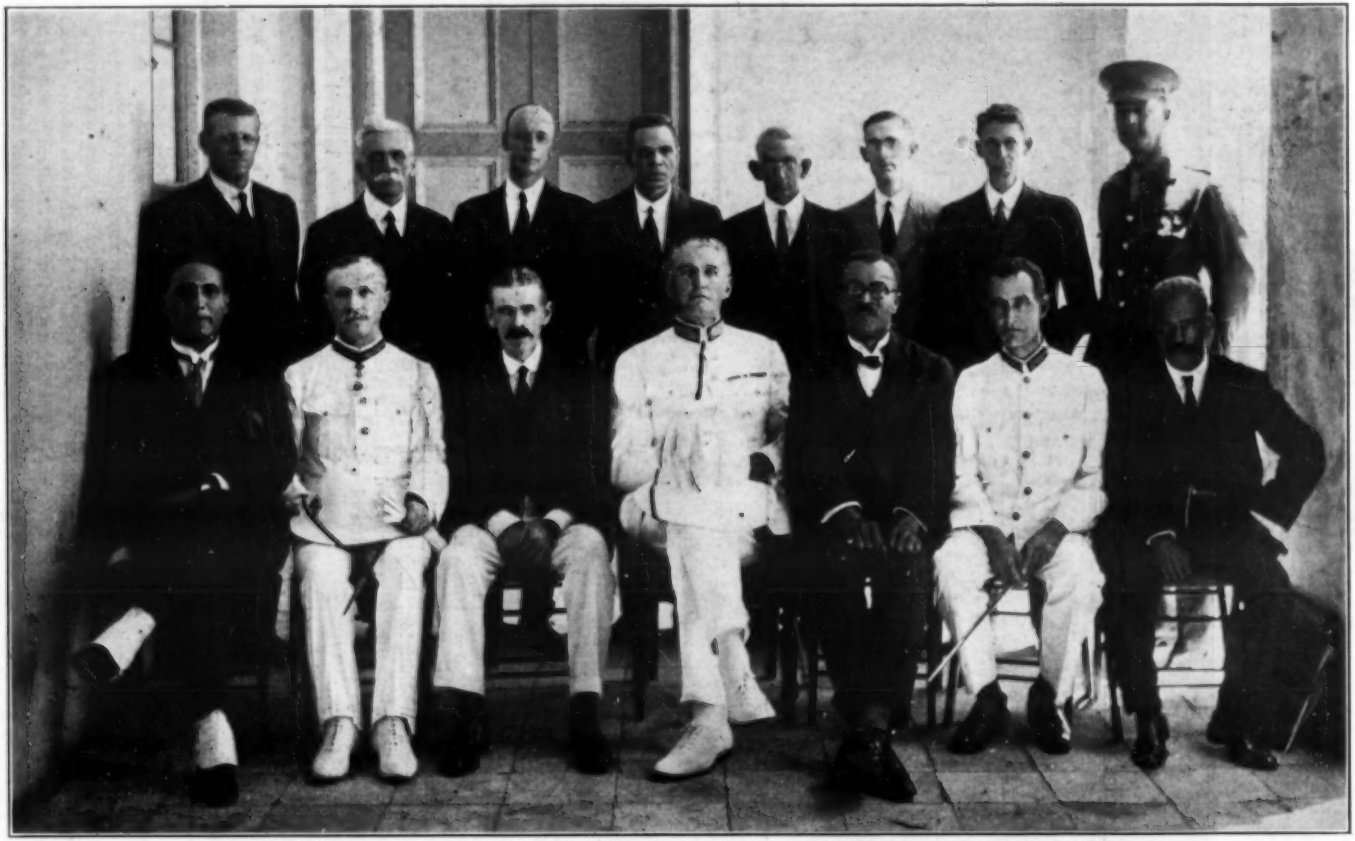
¶ There were graduated from the Dunbar High School, Washington, D. C., in 1925, 226 pupils, of whom 158 were girls and 68 boys. From this class 73 will attend colleges as follows: Williams, Dartmouth, Hamilton, Howard, Amherst, Brown, Smith, Lincoln, Harvard, Trinity and Wesleyan. Over 100 of the others will attend the Minor Normal School to be trained as teachers. Four members of the class were tied for the honor of valedictorian: Misses E. A. Cooke, D. E. Davis and B. L. Walker and Mr. James F. Henry. Fourteen scholarships were awarded. Captain Walter Jackson received the Walker Memorial medal for scholarship, deportment and athletic work. Thirty-two students are members of the National Honorary Society of Secondary Schools.

¶ Eighty-seven pupils graduated from the Central High School, Louisville. The youngest, George B. Jackson, was 14.

¶ At Amenia, New York, Mildred Carl, a colored girl, was valedictorian at the thirty-first commencement.

¶ Robert Elam and Hugh Wheat won first and second prize in the contest conducted by the *World News* magazine. They are both seniors in the Troy, Ohio, High School.

¶ The Sumner High School, Kansas City, Kansas, had 73 graduates, 41 girls and 32 boys. Harry Browne and Ethyl E. Jones led the class. Elizabeth Elmore was awarded a state certificate by the National Chemical Society and Harold Thatcher was given first prize in an oratorical contest. He



BEGINNINGS OF DEMOCRACY IN GRENADA, B. W. I. THE NEW LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

All except five are official members or nominated members. The elected members, all colored, are: D. A. McIntyre, C. H. Lucas, C. F. P. Renwick, T. A. Marryshow, and F. H. Copland

SOME HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

Thomas L. Jackson (P. 236)
Sarah Montague (P. 236)
Bessie Dickey, Girls' High School, Brooklyn
William H. Smith (P. 236)
Elizabeth Elmore (P. 233)
Ethyl E. Jones (P. 233)
Georgianna Wooley (P. 233)
Harold Thatcher (P. 233)
Edwin L. Jefferson Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles
Alma L. Smith Flathead County High School, Mon.
Ruby Tomlin, Coffeyville Kansas, High School
Sarah E. Waller (P. 236)
Anna B. Thomas Chicago Normal College
Edward Henry Wicomico High School, Md.
George Jackson (P. 233)
Marx Bowens (P. 236)

GRADUATES OF TOLEDO, O., HIGH SCHOOLS

Henry Adams Florence Williams Nola Johnson Clara Wilson Doris Price

also received the gold medal of the National Athletic Society. Evelyn Jones was awarded second prize in the district elimination of the National Constitution Contest and received a scholarship for the University of Kansas.

¶ Miss Sarah Waller graduated from the Springfield, Massachusetts, High School and gained distinction by her work in art. The cover for the program of the class play was her design. William Henry Smith composed the class song, wrote the class will and won an inter-school vocabulary contest. He will go to Harvard. Marx G. Bowers, another graduate, won three medals for track performances and played on the basket ball team. He will attend Amherst.

¶ Thomas L. Jackson graduated from the Lick Wilmerding High School, Berkeley, California, as one of the honor men. He will enter the University of California.

¶ Merze Tate graduated on the honor roll with a life certificate at the Western State Normal School, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

¶ Sarah Montague graduated from the West Chester State Normal School, Pennsylvania, with an excellent record in athletics. She held the school record in baseball throwing, basketball throwing and javelin throwing. She received a gold medal and her school letter.

KING PREMPEH OF DAHOMEY WITH BISHOP ALLEYNE OF THE A. M. E. ZION CHURCH, IN NIGERIA, B. W. A.

Mrs. W. T. Johnson Mrs. Annie E. Read Mrs. Isaac H. Rowland

¶ Twenty-five years ago in the Sharon Baptist Church, Richmond, Virginia, under the pastorate of Reverend J. H. Thomas, there was organized the Women's Missionary and Educational Association as an adjunct of the General Baptist Association of Virginia. The purpose of this association was religious and missionary and it hoped to help in education both at home and abroad.

This year, June 24th, at Charlottesville, the association celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. Its officers, Mrs. W. T. Johnson, president, Mrs. A. E. Buford and Mrs. A. E. Reid, secretaries, have served for twenty five years and in a pageant which portrayed the activities of the association the work was put before the world and the details told in a hand book and directory which was published.

During these years $77,000 have been collected by this organization of which $40,000 went for missions, $30,000 for education and $7,000 for charity. The association has, of course, had its ups and downs and has been torn by controversy raging in church; and it went through difficult years during the war. And yet it has been a center of real and united effort. It has given all sorts of social entertainments, it has helped in the field, it has sent out missionary boxes, it has distributed literature, it has broadcasted pennants and sent its delegates to all sorts of other organizations. It has studied the Bible, done local relief work and sung hymns and listened to sermons.

It is in many ways an old fashioned sort of effort but it portrays curiously and sincerely the way in which the mass of colored women with but meagre chances at education and with but restricted contact with the great world have been working unselfishly for each other and for what they conceive as the method of uplift for all men. Mrs. Isaac H. Rowland of Lexington, Virginia, is the official historian and has given to us most of these facts. The circle has at present 2,500 members and during its twenty-five years has enrolled probably 4,500 members.

¶ The West Virginia Collegiate Institute has received an appropriation of $500,000 from the state for the coming year. Of this $200,000 is for salaries, $90,000 for general expenses, $10,000 for books, $75,000 for repairs and $125,000 for buildings and land. Out of this last appropriation a new dormitory for men and boys will be erected. This year a new administration building has been dedicated.

¶ Eighteen students have been graduated from the High and Normal course at the Georgia N. and A. School, Albany, Ga.

¶ The Kentucky N. and I. Institute, at Frankfort, has 33 High School graduates and 80 graduates from the Junior College.

¶ The State N. and I. School, Bowie, Maryland, had 34 High School graduates and 10 Normal graduates. It has received an appropriation of $97,000 for buildings.

¶ The State Normal School, Montgomery, Alabama, has 60 High School graduates and 4 Junior College graduates.

¶ At New York University James Pleasant received first prize for individual drill in the seventh annual military field day.

¶ The A. and I. State Normal School, Nashville, Tenn., has been given $321,000, one half by the General Education Board and one half by the State of Tennessee, to be spent on buildings and equipment which must be ready for use by June 30, 1927. The summer school had 1200 students this year.

Philbert Morgan | Eric Epps | Alverta Nevels | Walter Johnson

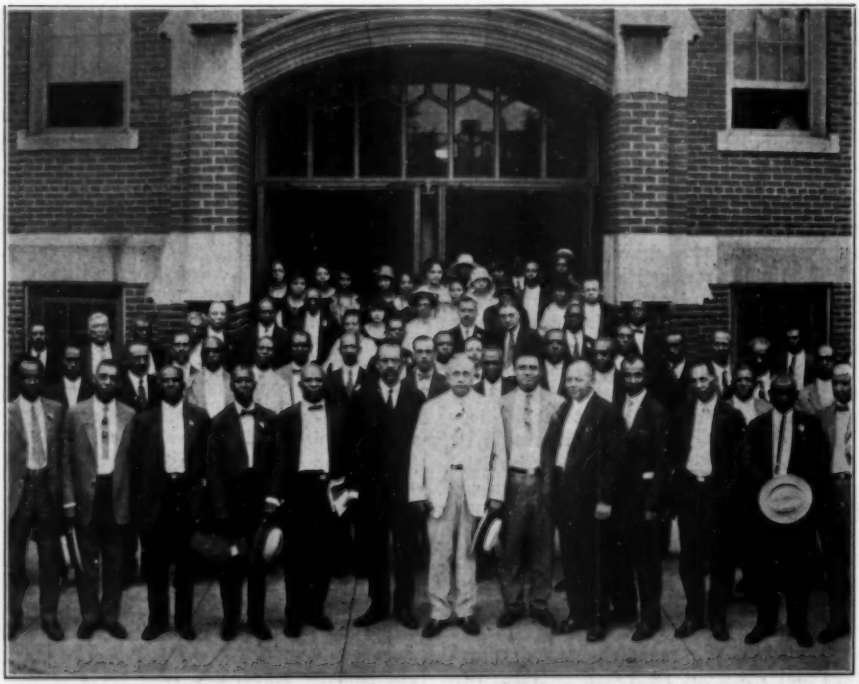
¶ At the Virginia N. and I. Institute there were 100 High School graduates. Miss A. C. Nevels was musician and dramatist; P. S. Morgan was valedictorian; E. V. Epps was athlete and poet and won the Alpha Phi Alpha scholarship; Walter Johnson did his High School work in three and one half years and graduated with honors.

¶ The J. B. Campbell College will be moved from the city of Jackson to the colored town of Mound Bayou, Mississippi, if help can be obtained from the General Education Board.

¶ Miss Georgiana Wooley led her class at the J. C. Price High School, Salisbury, N. C.

¶ E. H. Miller, a graduate of Howard and a Master of Arts of Columbia University, is registered at the University of Dijon, France, this summer.

¶ The Supreme Life and Casualty Company of Columbus, Ohio, has dedicated a new building for their headquarters.



SOME OF THE DELEGATES AT THE BIENNIAL CONVENTION, NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF POSTAL EMPLOYEES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GRADUATES OF CHICAGO HIGH SCHOOLS (P. 241)

Elizabeth George Norma Whitehead Thomas Verdell Carmaline Carmichael Beatrice Whitfield

¶ The eleventh general assembly of the International League for the Protection of Native Races will meet this month in Geneva under the presidency of René Claparéde.

¶ A final count shows that 39 states and 75 cities were represented at the 16th annual conference of the N.A.A.C.P. in Denver last June.

¶ In Philadelphia recently the city championship banner with an award for general excellence was presented to the Dunbar School health class which is the only Negro health class in the city. This class was conducted by Dr. Agnes Berry Montier.

¶ William C. Craver and Robert P. Daniel are members of a group of students from the United States who are abroad studying the Youth Movement.

¶ The American Folk Lore Society has appointed Arthur H. Fauset to make a two months' tour in the Southern South to gather folk lore material. Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons is in charge of the work. Mr. Fauset has made a similar study in Canada. He is a graduate and a Master of Arts from the University of Pennsylvania.

¶ The Old City Hospital, Kansas City, now has a full staff of Negro doctors and among the new internes are two women,

Photo by A. L. Sewell.

SUMMER CONFERENCE, INTERCOLLEGIATE CLUB OF NEW YORK, AT NYACK

GRADUATES OF THE KENTUCKY NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE

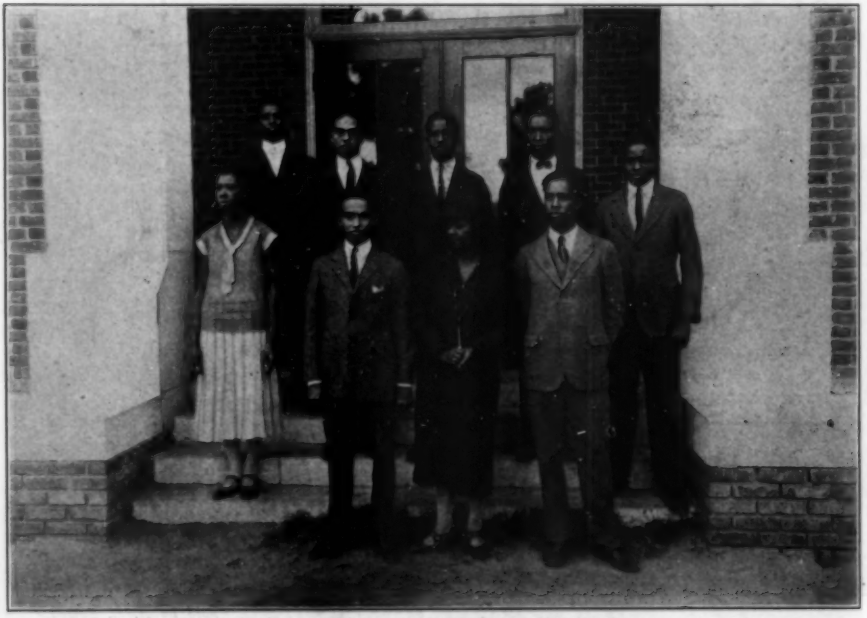
Dr. E. M. McCarroll of Nashville, Tenn., and Dr. Virginia Alexander, of Philadelphia, Pa. Both are graduates of the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia.

¶ Mrs. Addie W. Hunton was elected president of the Empire State Colored Women's Club to succeed Mrs. M. C. Lawton who retires from the presidency after 17 years' service.

¶ Summer institutes for public welfare have been held at the University of North Carolina and a colored man, Lawrence A. Oxley, Director of welfare work among Negroes, was among the speakers.

¶ Benjamin Duke has given $15,000 for the hospitalization of crippled colored children of North Carolina. The unit will be a part of the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital at Gastonia and will be administered by the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare.

¶ The annual meeting of the Independent Order of St. Luke, with headquarters in Richmond, was held in New York City dur-



GRADUATES OF THE LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL, GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA

ing August. Mrs. Maggie L. Walker, who has for twenty-five years been Grand Secretary-Treasurer, was in general charge.

¶ Wendell Phillips High School of Chicago, a mixed school with an overwhelming majority of colored students, graduated 70 students. Beatrice Whitfield, president of the class and Editor-in-chief of the school publication, graduated in three and one-half years and was on the honor roll. Elizabeth George was valedictorian of the class.

BASKET BALL TEAM OF THE WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, RALEIGH, N. C.

¶ Of the 300 graduates of the Englewood High School, Chicago, 20 were colored Carmaline Carmichael and Thomas Verdell carried off honors in athletics.

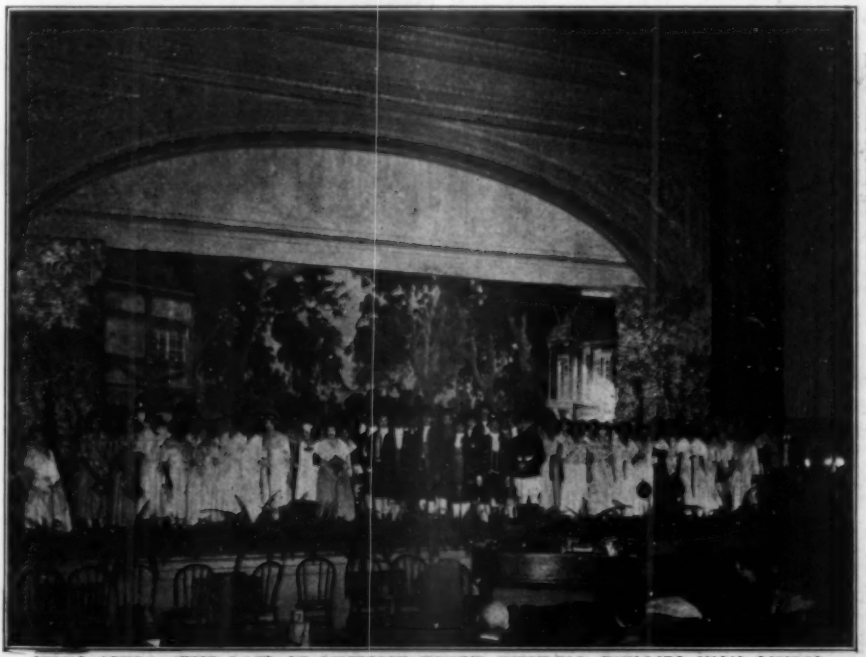
¶ Of the 387 graduates of the Hyde Park High School, Chicago, 10 were colored.

¶ There were 14 colored graduates in the High Schools of Cincinnati.

¶ A very successful presentation of "Thais" has been given by "The Players' Guild" in Norfolk, Virginia. Many of the members of the organization formerly belonged to the amateur dramatic department of Howard University. The group is directed by Miss Evelyn A. Lightner, a graduate of Howard.

¶ Governor Ferguson of Texas celebrated Emancipation Day by freeing 30 Negroes, thereby causing some sarcastic comment in the Southern papers.

¶ A notable event in Brooklyn musical circles was the recent marriage of Lyndon Hoffman Caldwell, Bachelor of Music from Syracuse University, and Christine Doswell, dramatic soprano. Mr. Caldwell's brother recently received his Master's degree from Syracuse.



COMIC OPERA—"THE LASS OF LIMERICK TOWN"—WENDELL PHILLIPS HIGH SCHOOL, CHICAGO. MILDRED BRYANT JONES, DIRECTOR

¶ The name of Julius Bledsoe, baritone, has been added by the managers of the Manhattan Opera House to their list of singers and artists. This list includes Mme. Schumann-Heink, Féodŏr Chaliapin, Mischa Elman and Anna Pavlowa. Mr. Bledsoe's voice has been highly commended in many of the papers. He received special commendation in the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* from Glenn Dillard Grenn.

¶ More than 1,000 delegates attended the recent convention of Negro Masons at Shreveport, Louisiana.

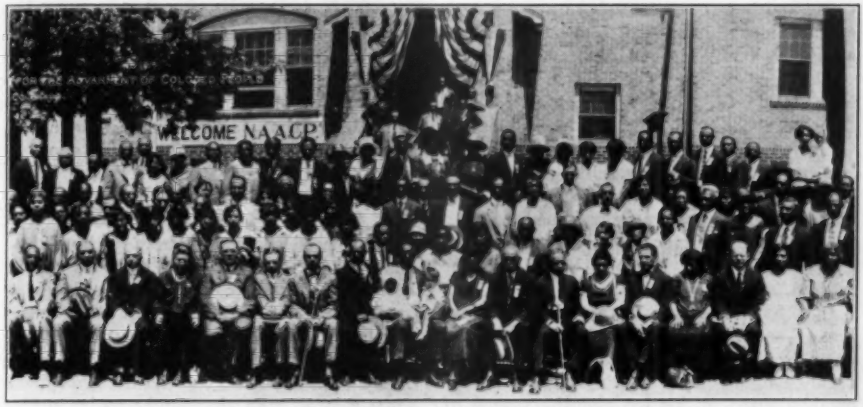
¶ The Frederick Douglass High School of Baltimore, Md., had an enrollment of 1790 in 1925 and graduated the largest class in the history of the school, consisting of 251 from the four year course and 14 from the two year vocational course. There were 189 girls and 76 boys. The honor graduates of the year were Edith Alice Dorsey, valedictorian, and Mary E. Short, salutatorian. Scholarships for college work were awarded.

¶ Thelma E. Starks graduated from the Valley Township, Ohio, High School in three years. She was class poet.

Edith Alice Dorsey

A COURT FUNCTION IN ABYSSINIA (Internat'l News Reel)

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People



DELEGATES TO THE 16TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE N. A. A. C. P.

THE N. A. A. C. P. AND SOCIAL EQUALITY

An Address Delivered by Charles Edward Russell Before the Sixteenth Annual Conference, N. A. A. C. P., Denver, Colorado—June 24, 1925

NO man aware of the struggle in the United States for the last twenty years in behalf of the plain principles of justice could stand here where I stand and look out upon this meeting and not be deeply moved. No man familiar with the true nature of that struggle could stand here and not be profoundly impressed anew with the power of God's wisdom and the wonder of God's ways.

Mr. Johnson and others have referred to the origin of this Association. That you may understand the full measure of what I have just said to you and of the goodness of God, I think the time is ripe to tell you the true story of the origin of your society. I will try to picture to you first a scene that took place in New York seventeen years ago. Two men came together one afternoon in the lobby of a hotel. They had been acquainted but not intimately. One was of Southern and Pro-slavery ancestry; the other of Northern and Abolition ancestry. They fell without premeditation to talking about the Negro problem in America and discovered to their mutual astonishment that their views were identical. They talked about the menace of the existing situation, the denial of justice, the farcical nature of the courts in the Southern states, the subversion of the constitution, the abominations of the Jim Crow car, and the horror of lynching. They turned into Fifth Avenue, and at the southeast corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, they stopped for a moment and the man of Southern ancestry said to the man of Northern ancestry this: "If you feel so about this matter and I feel so about it, then surely there must be others that feel so. Why should we not, therefore, form some kind of league or society, and if we can have no more than a dozen members, at least those dozen would be sufficient to make a protest and record their objection to these continual outrages." And that very moment the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was formed. The man of Southern ancestry was that gallant champion of human rights and good soldier of the Common Good, William English Walling; and the man of Northern and Abolition ancestry whom God in His mercy allowed to have part in those proceedings was the man who is addressing you now.

As we stood together the first thought that came into our minds was, where should we turn for other members, and the first name that came to both of us was that of the Chairman of your Executive Board, the woman that with a noble enthusiasm has devoted her entire life to this great cause and has shown herself to possess such extraordinary resources and commanding ability, Mary White Ovington.

The first meeting was held in Mr. Walling's flat in West Thirty-eighth Street and four persons came. At the next meeting there were five. Slowly we grew from meeting to meeting, until we had eleven, and then we began to feel sure of success. Then the flat became too small; we must adjourn to the Liberal Club; and at last we saw ourselves in the proud position to call the first Annual Conference.

In these seventeen years what wonders have I seen! I have seen this Association grow from so small a beginning into a powerful instrument in God's hands for the establishment of justice and the rescue of a people. I have seen its growth in efficiency until it could register its solemn protest against every act of injustice against the Negro and make that protest tell. I have seen the colored people's splendid response. I have watched their rapid advance in the economic field, in wealth, in business, in industry, until day by day they are flinging back by their acts and their progress the lies which have been cast upon them, until they have proven themselves worthy of that citizenship theirs by right and still denied to them. And above all this, above even the magnificent record of this Association under the leadership of Mr. Johnson, I put one other thing, for which I give thanks and praise—that I have been privileged to see arising the new colored American, the new type of colored man that will not cringe, that will not flinch, that will not give back an inch, that stands upon his two feet and looks the world in the face, that will use no force, and make no threats, and in the name of eternal justice demands his rights and will not take anything less. I have seen him come. I have seen his marvelous cultural achievements. I have seen him in the fields of art as well as in the fields of industry and in the field of business. I have seen what wonderful gifts he has in music, poetry, painting, sculpture, oratory, prose literature. I see him as a great lawyer or great publicist, and with exultation beyond all speech I know that the full vindication of the African race is in his hands and will be accomplished.

Looking upon these attainments, thanking God for all, we come here to renew our allegiance to this cause and then go forth with inspiration, freshened with larger hope, a stronger faith, a firmer resolution. And if you will let me go aside for a moment, I should like to indicate some practical things that, taking up the fight again, you can undertake to your advantage.

We have in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People today one hundred thousand members. How many colored people are there in the United States? Twelve millions. An army of one hundred thousand colored people marching on for justice is a magnificent thing. But why not more? First, then, set yourselves to work this coming year to make it more. There is not one of you who does not know some colored man that ought to be in this Association and is not. Carry that thought to your branch; urge all your members to this task; so that by 1926 we may have 200,000 members. Do not be satisfied with anything less than 200,000. Every additional member of this Association is much more than a single unit added to the other members—he is an additional source of national strength and efficiency, an additional dynamo of power by which we can go before the country and demand a hearing; and when we have 500,000 members, as we shall have some day, there is not a pair of ears in the United States that can be closed against them.

Secondly, colored people should unite themselves. Pardon me if I speak now upon a somewhat delicate subject. I know how prone you are to divisions. Set your faces against all jealousies. Unite for this cause if you cannot agree about anything else. I cannot think of any human being with whom I would not march hand in hand for this. Let us win basic justice first; then we can turn to settle the other things. Therefore, unite! Stand together! Be firm! Be fraternal! Let nothing divide you!

Thirdly, we should recognize plainly, in a friendly spirit, but in a spirit resolved and unreserved, the kind of persons with whom we must contend, what human ele-

DELEGATES AT DENVER

ments are in conflict with us. Foremost in that evil rank is the strange person, both colored and white, that says, "Let us alone. Don't interfere with existing conditions. Don't agitate. Don't demand your rights. You might disturb prosperity". There is no danger to the democratic form of government so great as the lack of agitation. Agitation is the life of democracy. Go on, therefore, and agitate and still agitate. Never relax your agitation until you get what you want. Pay no attention to those who say you will disturb prosperity. I know of nothing more wholesome than a disturbance of prosperity founded on wrong and injustice.

Fourthly, there are those that say the colored man is all right in his place, and then they proceed to show you that in their opinion the colored man's place is under the white man's foot. I object to that kind of a white man, but I object still more to the colored man that is willing for a moment to accept such a place. Do you object to him, too. Make him understand your objection. Show him that you recognize in him the facile tool of oppression. Tell him that any man willing to accept such a doctrine is not worthy to be a citizen of the United States nor of any country that pretends to be a democracy.

Fifthly, there are those that say, "I don't think these lynchings are right, but I don't believe in social equality for the Negro". Such belong to a type. They are lineal descendants of a strange creature that developed in this country previous to and in the Civil War; a creature the Abolitionists called a dough-face. Give no heed to the modern dough-face when thus he reveals himself. Give him no heed and feel for your part no fear. We have nothing to conceal and nothing to surrender. I am not afraid of the full measure of the gospel of democracy. He says he believes not in social equality. Therein I take straight issue with him, for I do. I believe in absolute and perfect social equality for the Negro, unlimited, unqualified equality. And I accept all the consequences of that equality, whatever they may be. I want for the Negro every right that I claim for myself, no matter what that might be. I want that first for a reason of selfishness. For I know perfectly well that if he can be deprived of his rights I can be deprived of mine. Unless there is security for his there is eminent danger for mine. These of mine were won by the sacrifices and long drawn out struggles of heroic men and women that in the past have dared death for liberty. I cannot allow them to be abridged nor impaired nor threatened.

In the next place, I want social equality for the Negro because I want the Constitution of the United States to mean something. I want it to mean all that it purports to mean or else to mean nothing. Not long ago a delegation of eminent citizens went to call on President Coolidge to call to his attention the fact that the Eighteenth Amendment was being violated. They

DELEGATES AT DENVER

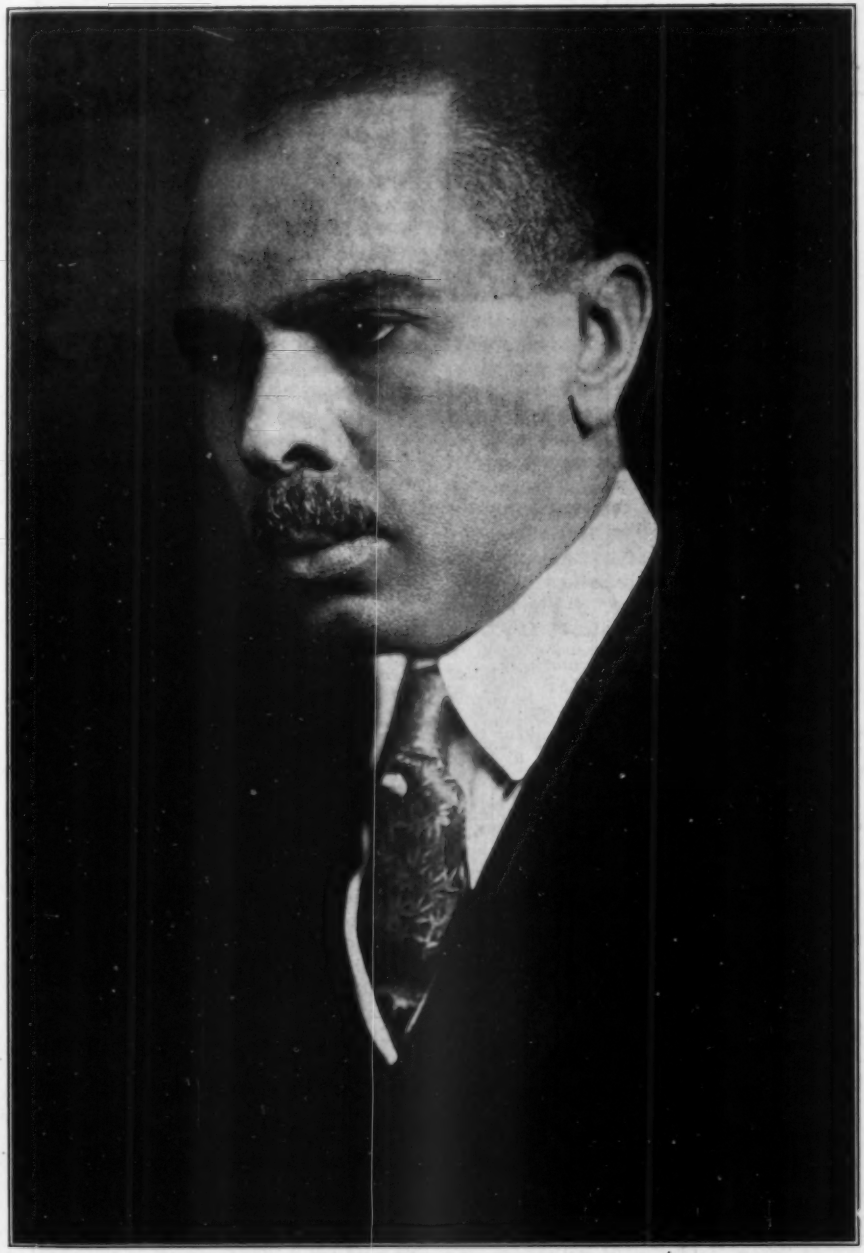
thought it was an appalling condition. I never heard of these gentlemen manifesting any particular concern about the violation of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. One amendment must be as sacred as the other. The breaking of one is as terrible as the breaking of another. And let me tell those gentlemen that when they permit the violation of one amendment they open the door to the violation of every part of the Constitution. I should like to say to Mr. Rockefeller and to Judge Gary that the violation of the Eighteenth Amendment began when they allowed the violation of the Fifteenth. It is too late now to talk about the sacredness of the Constitutional amendments. They began to cease to be sacred, gentlemen, when you stood by and allowed the Fifteenth to be torn to shreds and spat upon.

In the next place, I want social equality for the Negro because I am sick and tired of making excuses for the barbarisms of my native country. There was a contest in a great American University that was participated in by two hundred and twenty scholars. Of these two hundred and nineteen were of the superior white race and one of the so-called inferior colored race. Now, if the white race is so superior, the rank of this colored man should have been number 220. The contest came off and upset all the theories of an inferior race because the one colored man surpassed all the rest. The prize included two years' tuition in a great European university. The winner went abroad and stayed two years and won prizes there and with them the respect and confidence of all that knew him. He came back to America loaded with honors, and when he reached his native land he could find nothing but drudging and ill paid employment. Honors and respect abroad, obscurity and contempt at home were his portion. His studies had somewhat impaired his eyes. He went to consult an oculist. The office of the oculist was on the fourteenth floor of a great skyscraper. Merely because he had a dark complexion this man of learning and accomplishments was denied the use of the elevator and compelled to walk up the fourteen flights of stairs to the oculist's office. This he must do at every visit. Thieves used that elevator and pickpockets. Every rogue in the city, if he were white, rode freely. Every day hundreds of men whose worth and contributions to society were nothing compared with this man's could ride at will and jeer at the unfortunate struggling up the steps. I want social equality that we may put an end to such outrages repeated daily in a thousand cities.

Years ago when I was living in Chicago I had for a friend a learned man and cultured gentleman that was pastor of a colored church. He was of wide reading, stainless character, unusual gifts in conversation, and one of the best Greek scholars of his day. I asked him to call upon me. He declined. I was living at a hotel. If he had appeared there he would have been obliged either to walk up to my room or to ride up in the freight elevator, and he had too much self-respect to allow himself to be assorted with garbage cans.

But there are other and graver reasons why social equality is absolutely demanded and indispensable. Without it we can have no such thing as justice; without justice we can have no such thing as civilization itself. Is there not this very day in the city of Chicago a striking illustration of a condition that threatens to become general and to undermine and destroy the citadel of civilization? There was a guard on the Elevated Railroad, a man of Southern birth, that conceived a dislike for a colored passenger. When the colored man reached the station at which he was to alight, the guard followed him upon a platform, drew a revolver and shot the colored man dead. Because his victim was of dark complexion that man is still untried, at large and apparently safe against any punishment. I want social equality that the law may not become a farce, that the courts may deal justly with all men, that there shall be no distinctions and no discriminations, that I may be myself safe within the law's protection, that democracy may become a fact and be no longer the jest of the lewd, that the constitution of the United States may be an unimpaired and unshamed covenant. And I want that social equality now.

This meeting, this most notable assembly we have ever had in the Association's history, this serious and reasoning conference of resolute men and women, representing twenty-eight states and an exalted purpose, is an earnest of the social equality we demand, that we shall have. We are enlisted in a war. Ah, not with carnal weapons; we fight with no weapons of mat-



JAMES WELDON JOHNSON, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, N. A. A. C. P., ELEVENTH SPINGARN MEDALLIST

ter; we fight with weapons of the spirit. I stand here and look with joy into your kindling faces, but with the eyes of faith I look beyond these walls and see and hear this night the great army of one hundred thousand whose representatives and delegates you are. I can hear the tramp of their feet, I can see their faces, set and firm like yours; they are marching straight on to this goal and all the powers of evil cannot stop them.

We leave to the superior white man his battleships and guns. We leave to him his burning stake and men bound to faggots. We leave to him his aeroplanes and bombs of poisonous gas. We leave to him his cities bombarded and his fields soaked in blood. We leave to him his favorite appeal to force. Our appeal is to justice and righteousness and the God above that put into the human heart the sense and love of these. Here in the market place of the white man we stand, surrounded by the evidences of his wealth and pomp and power, and with level, unfearing eyes we look upon him and say:

"You have wrought this havoc upon these your fellowmen. You have denied us justice; you have made of your courts and your laws machines to oppress us. You have closed before us the door of hope. You have sought to deny to us the light of education. You have condemned us to misery and darkness. Here we stand and hold before your faces this the record you have made. Steadfast we stand, steadfast we press this question upon you. Thus you have done. What say you now to it? Thus we will stand until we have answer and you begin to right your infinite wrong."

So we stand and with these weapons we fight and by so much as the spirit is more powerful than the flesh, as truth transcends a lie, as truly as the heavens are above the earth and God lives and reigns, we shall win, for here we pledge ourselves anew to march on and march on until we do.

The Outer Pocket

Salisbury, N. C.

I AM thankful that God has given us Prof. DuBois for the great writer that he is, but above all I am so thankful that he is man enough to champion a cause which I believe to be right. For ten years I watched hundreds of students and whole communities being domineered and bossed by a handful of poor whites. What hurt me most of all was to see professors afraid to say one word in defense of their race for fear they would offend some of the white teachers and consequently lose their positions. I have often said "Surely our race will not be cowards for ever. Perhaps some day we will have race pride." Thank Providence it is here. Fisk in resenting certain injustices simply for the sake of white supremacy will teach the whole nation that this is a day of aggressive fighting for justice and right; that we will take nothing short of justice.

It is bad enough to have to take injustice other places without having it carried into our private schools where the students pay for everything they get. I am an humble insignificant teacher but I am with my people for justice and right. Continue to fight and teach our youth some race pride.

EMMA C. H. BAKER.

Richmond, Va.

In the July number of THE CRISIS among the classified ads. I noticed one of Saint Phillip Hospital School of Nursing of Richmond, Virginia. Perhaps it might interest you to know some of the facts regarding this hospital.

When the campaign was started for funds to build this hospital, a number of our colored citizens contributed freely and enthusiastically to it, under the false impression, spread by some of the campaign workers, that this hospital would be open to all physicians regardless of race or color, who were graduates of reputable colleges and qualified before the State Board of Medical Examiners, and who were legitimately and honorably engaged in the practice of their profession.

This hospital is one of a group of three units, the Charlotte Williams Memorial Hospital, the Dooley Hospital and the St. Phillip Hospital; the Saint Phillip Hospital for the exclusive use of Negro patients. These hospitals composing this group are

primarily clinical hospitals connected with the Medical College of Virginia, an exclusively white institution, and are so advertised in the announcements of this medical school. The management, superintendents, house-staff and interns are all white. It gives a nurse training to Negro girls and young women. Negro doctors are allowed in this hospital only as visitors, and whenever a patient of a Negro doctor enters either the medical or surgical service of this hospital the case is surrendered at the door to some white doctor connected with the institution. O. B. H. BOWSER, M. D.

Stanford University, California.

In spite of the inspiring songs to our alma mater and the eulogies on every hand to the "great University of the West" I sometimes doubt that it is an unmixed blessing to be associated with Stanford University. I am not sure that this is where the "winds of freedom blow and where knowledge makes for tolerance" . . .

The other day a little freshman asserted that the Negro race was inferior to the white race because "Dr. Terman says so". Dr. Terman being an authority on mental testing is believed without question. What he does is to speak for one hour to freshman students on the subject of human intelligence. During the course of the lecture he displays a chart showing the intelligence curves of the army tests. The students then see that these tests show the Negro to be inferior to the white. In many cases this is all the information that these students will get about intelligence testing and race differences.

In my University I am taught that Negroes are inferior and that we have none here because they cannot make the grade. Do you wonder that I am not always proud of my affiliations? I suspect that there is some reason not readily visible for the racial purity of our student body and I propose to find it out. ——— ———.

Camas, Montana.

I am a reader of the *Forum* and have perused your claims of what your race has contributed or given to civilization. Such has given lodgment to certain impressions which I shall attempt in what I am about to write, to give expression, intelligible or less so.

I should say that you are very liberal in making claims for the indebtedness of other races to yours for what has conduced to the inception and progress of civilization. I never heard of you till I saw your article; and of course, I referred to "toasts" to see what I could find out about you. It elevates you to a pedestal among those of your race, saying that you are one of the first of Negro scholars in America. Perhaps you are; I am not armed with data to controvert it; nor am I a scholar myself.

I am of the White race and am fully persuaded of its first place among all races and all peoples. I may not have the mental qualifications to discuss your claims for your race; however I feel persuaded that I have an analytical mind, that has the capacity to detect fallacies in another man's arguments or reasoning; and I think your claims rest on very unsubstantial, shadowy foundations; are basically fallacious.

I am not a person of violent prejudices and can make allowance for and sympathize with race fealty, fidelity, devotion or whatever may most effectually indicate the feeling of sentiment. It is commendable as a characteristic, even when it obscures or distorts from accurate focus, that clarity of vision that sees things in their actual reactions.

Yours is a backward race, Mr. or Dr. DuBois, whichever best fits you. Savages in large perspective; and you have a difficult case to make in seeking to establish claims of indebtedness to it for any material contribution to the civilization of the advanced nations. . . .

I hope your race may advance its material and moral condition. I hope you may develop your own educators, preachers and professional men. That your people may become skilled mechanics and acquire wealth. But if you want to avoid serious race antagonism and perhaps race conflict to the death, try to be satisfied and let the Whites rule. It no doubt carries a sense of subordination and that the Whites cherish a conviction of your inferiority that you resent, but race antipathy may as well be recognized and deferred to by your race. In my judgment you cannot do better than to submit to exclusion from official positions as a permanent condition. All know the enormities to which race antipathy, maddened, leads. It is confined to no section.

Your race should not seek to provoke it. And you will do it in a degree of aggravation, should you make a persistent attempt to gain official position that will make past race outbreaks seem mild.

ALVAH B. FLOOD.

Detroit, Michigan.

Allow me to thank you for the article "Tutankh-amen and Ras Tafari" by Kantiba Nerouy appearing in your December issue.

I am glad to see the American Negro take interest in Ethiopia. Some day the present condition and past history of that country will be known by the black people of this country causing thereby the proper appreciation of themselves.

S. A. K. ORUNGA.

Talladega, Alabama.

Dr. DuBois, I know there never was a time when you did not champion the cause of Africa or better still the cause of the Negro, but I think that writing as you did from your empirical knowledge of a particular place in Africa, and voicing their needs and aspirations deserves a note of appreciation, for it is a decided turn from the trodden path of camouflaged writers. . . .

The African Negro is no longer asleep. The students are up for a revolution—a peaceful revolution—and so ye heralds tire not, hold the fort, for we are coming, millions strong. Africa could no longer afford to be listless to the agonizing cry of Ethiopia calling her sons both at home and abroad to mobilize and help make this world safe for brotherhood and peace.

I say in my native language (Yoruba)

ko sewu, Otuwa mbe

Be not afraid, God is.

AKINTUNDE DIPEOLU BROWNE.

Hammond, Indiana.

I trust I may be permitted to say a word about the Fisk University situation while I have your attention. I am entirely in accord with your attitude on this question and wish to compliment you on the manner in which you have placed this very important matter before the reading public. I think I have read most of what you have had to say, in the public press, in the past few months. . . .

One other little item in THE CRISIS appealed to me as being very timely—that which advised white speakers addressing colored audiences as to the things that should be avoided. I expect to make a talk in one of the Gary churches soon and will see to it that I do not offend in these particulars. I do not yet know just what I shall talk about but I *do not* intend trying to solve any problems.

E. M. SHANKLIN, M. D.

London, England.

It is a great pity THE CRISIS is not published weekly or with a weekly 16 page edition like a small newspaper in addition to the splendid monthly.

With kindest regards, as always,

Yours sincerely,

LEO WEINTHAL.

College of the Pacific,
San José, California.

I have just read with great interest and delight your remarkable "The Souls of Black Folk". This morning I read the chapter entitled "Of the Passing of the First Born" to my class in American history and recommended that they read further in the book.

May your work and the work of other devoted and far-seeing men and women of both races bring measurably nearer a Christian solution of this grave problem!

ALDEN H. ABBOTT,
Dean and Professor of History
and Political Science

Kumasi, Ashanti,
Gold Coast, B. W. A.

In renewing my subscription for the coming year I beg to thank you for the regular supply of your nice papers you have sent me. I am trying to interest my friends in your behalf and already some are taking lively interest in reading them. Your only mistake is that you don't give the address of young people from your side in your paper for correspondence which is all the best thing that the average Gold Coast youth would wish for. I am extremely interested in America and its black folks and would welcome any Negro youth who would enlighten me with its wonders. I am a student of 21 but would not mind receiving letters from people above or below my age. . . .

AGYEI KISSI.